

# GOLDEN ARGOZY

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Whole No. 280.



THE GUIDE AND I CLEFT TO THE EDGE OF THE MIGHTY PRECIPICE,  
AND SAW TOM GILBERT HANGING THERE, CLINGING  
DESPERATELY TO THE MULE'S  
LEATHEREN BRIDLE,

## The Golden Magnet;

OR,  
THE TREASURE CAVE OF THE INCAS.

BY G. M. FENN,

Author of "In the Wilds of New Mexico," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER I.

WE START ON OUR JOURNEY.

I WAS always a boy of an adventurous turn of mind, and I had fully determined to go abroad.

I had been thinking over my plans for a long time before I broached them to my friend Tom Gilbert.

"Tom," I said one morning, perhaps rather abruptly, "I am going out to my Uncle Reuben's plantation in South America."

"South America, Harry!" replied Tom, eagerly, "why, that's just the very place I want to go to, too."

"Tom, I don't believe it," I said sharply. "If I had told you I was going

to Australia or Timbuctoo, you would have said just the same thing.

"Darry! I should, Harry," answered Tom with a grin. "Any way I'm going with you."

Harry pointed out the conversation was interrupted by the appearance on the scene of my father.

"What are you two boys quarrelling about?" he inquired, with an assumption of severity which deceived nobody.

"We were not quarrelling at all, father," I replied, and Harry immediately added a lie. I had made up my mind to tell him all about my plans, and I felt rather nervous as to the way in which he would take the thing.

"But how should I begin? I hesitated for a moment, when Tom Gilbert solved the problem by blurring out blively the words, 'Harry's going aboard, sir,' and he said I wasn't going with him, and I said I wasn't that's all."

"Oh, no," he said, "I'm going aboard, is he?" said my father.

"Yes, sir," I replied, "I have made up my mind to go and see if Uncle Remy can find anything to do."

"I hope you don't think that you are going to lead a life of idleness out there, sir?"

"Oh, no, sir," I replied, "I mean to work."

"Humph!" said my father; and then, without another word, he walked back into the house.

"I am glad," cried Tom, rubbing his hands together softly. "What a time it will be to have Harry."

It was my turn now to be silent, and I stood watching Tom, and thinking as I struggled with the question that it would, after all, be very pleasant to have Harry sturdily trustworthy fellow like Tom always at my side when I was in a strange land.

For I had read that the descendants of the old Spaniards in South America were courtly, noble looking gentlemen enough, but bitter and cruel, and that they were not always disposed to look with favor upon foreigners. How did I know but in my fortune seeking adventures, I might have found a meaner to go out to seek my fortune—I might make enemies, and be some time or another in danger? Then he would be well, have such a comrade as Tom at my side.

I must tell you how it was that I had decided to go abroad. My father's business was the very common one of soap boiling. He owned a small boiling house in the quiet country village where I was born, and he was a very busy man. I was very proud of the hard yellow bars that it turned out. He had helped to keep no end of people clean, and made a comfortable living thereby; but the business was no longer what it had been, and seemed to get worse and worse every year. Competition grew sharper and sharper, and our small factory was being driven to the wall by the large works, with their improved machinery and greater capital. My father, however, had reluctantly admitted that unless things changed in an unexpected way it was useless for him to enter the soap trade, and he had better look out for some other opening in life.

My thoughts naturally turned to Uncle Remy, my mother's brother, who had emigrated to South America, and had, by all accounts, made a handsome fortune by raising sugarcane.

The brief conversation of that morning was the first, but by no means the last mention of my important project. There were the family council, and the subject in the family councils, which I will not weary the reader by relating. It is enough to say that it was finally settled that I should be allowed to go on my own matter. Nobody but myself supposed that I should find my fortune in South America; but all agreed that even if I was to die in a few months with a few empty pockets, the trip would do me good and give me a chance to pick up useful information. At any rate, it was scarcely possible that I should come to serious harm.

Nor had my friend Tom Gilbert much difficulty in securing his place to accompany me. He was an orphan, and a good fellow, who took very little interest in the world; but rather pleased at getting this liberty to travel for a time at least, of his troublesome ward.

The next few weeks passed rapidly away. There were many preparations for our approaching journey which I need not describe; tearful farewells, which I do not care to think of; and then we were speedily down by rail to the great seaport where we were to embark on the steamer, for Havana, after which the rest of our voyage would have to be accomplished in a smaller trading vessel.

## CHAPTER II.

### AT LA GUAYRA.

IT was nearly three weeks later that I was standing over the rail of the steamer Orinoco, which had just come to anchor in the open roadstead off the port of La Guayra. As it was, we could still feel the great swell that came softly sweeping in, making the steamer rock and roll first to this side, then to that, till heavily laden though she was, she careened over so that her copper glistened in the sun.

I was beginning to feast my eyes upon the sight, when the mate of the Orinoco who was right forward, shouted to me to come, and as I glanced at him I saw that he was a very stout, well-proportioned man, and that there must be something worth seeing, and I ran forward.

"Here's something for you to have a look at," he said, pointing down over the side of the vessel.

Sure enough there were two great sharks, twelve or fourteen feet long, cruising about in the clear water under the steamer's bows.

"I'd like to fish for those fellows," continued Tom. "Let's see if they'd go at a bait."

"How?" I cried.

"Stop a moment, and I'll show you," he said; and I went to where one of the firemen was having a quiet pipe on deck, I saw Tom accost him, and then go down into the stoke hole, to come up with a bucket of water, and a coil of slaty coal, bearing which he joined me.

"Let's drop this in gently," he said, and he gently lowered the coil, so that a splash some of the sailors would come to see. I've got a piece of string in my pocket.

Tom always had a piece of string in his pocket, and unrolling it he loosely tied it round the lump of coal. Then, getting to the water's edge, he raised up the coil gently, and over the side, beginning to lower it down.

"Take care you don't go over instead of the coal, Tom," I said, with a grim smile.

The sharks were just below us, and eight or ten feet down as Tom lowered the piece of coal right to the surface, without making any splash and disturbing the water so as to interrupt our view of what he hoped would take place. Next, with the string, he jerked the coil, which began to descend rapidly, its bright black surface flashing in the sun, and the sharks came swimming up to get it. Then, as the coil went down, there was a tremendous swirl in the water, which danced and flashed and obscured our vision. Then by degrees the water cleared, and there were the two sharks still there, but turned round with their heads in a fresh direction.

"Why, they took the coal, and one of them's swallowed it, Harry," cried Tom, excitedly.

"No, Tom! I think I can see it right down below there," I said; "but they did have a try at it."

"What are you young fellows doing there?" said the mate, who was looking sharply round, there stood the captain. "What! Are you fishing?"

"No, sir," said Tom; "I only dropped some coal to see if the big fish there would take it."

"Oh, I see!" he exclaimed. "Sharks! Yes, there are plenty of them, my lads. No baiting, but I'll get you the best cook to give you a lump of bad pork, and hang that over by the string; that would tell them."

"No, no, no! That, and running to the cook told him what the captain said, returning at the end of a minute to where I was, and saying that two monsters, the captain having gone."

"I'll tie this on, Harry," cried Tom, suiting the action to the word. "Don't let me see to the bait for a time at least, of his troublesome ward."

The piece of meat was soon firmly se-

cured, and, twisting one end of the string round his hand, Tom took his old place beside me, chucking and laughing, and began to lower down his bait, which was soon floating on the surface of the water. As the bait came down, it appeared as if, without the slightest movement, one of the sharks was growing bigger and closer. It seemed to fascinate us, so that neither of us risked a nearer, till all of a sudden it rolled right over on its side, showing the creamy white of its under parts, and there was a gleam of teeth, a swirl in the water, and the greasy lump of salt pork disappeared.

As it did so I saw Tom's arm give a sudden jerk, and he uttered a word which I realized was wrong. Flinging my arms round him, I threw myself inboard, and I dragged him with me, and we fell together upon the deck.

"Oh, my eye!" gasped Tom, as we sat up on the deck; and he held up his hand, beginning to twist the broken string, and showing how deeply it had cut into the flesh before it gave way.

"What an escape, Tom!" I cried, and as I said I felt that I must be looking very white.

"I should have gone overboard if you had not held me, Harry," he said, looking blankly in my face. "How strong that string was, and how it cut!"

"How stupid of you to tie it round your hand, Harry!" I said.

"Well, I suppose it was, Harry," he said, ruefully; "but one didn't think of it then."

## CHAPTER III.

### A NIGHT ALARM.

AS the shuddering feeling of what Tom had escaped passed off, we both thought it would be better to say nothing about it. We knew that he had acted foolishly; and I felt that we ought to have known better, and then soon enough, boy like, we forgot it all.

As the ship began to move in the harbor, before us, I began to wonder how this was that, with such lovely places on the coast, and such a fine view, we were content to live in our Northern land, with its cold winter seasons. There, seen through the bright, transparent atmosphere, were the rugged, craggy, and towered, grouped at the foot of a mountain, glistening with endless tints as it towered up nine thousand feet, wall and battlement, rising up the spurs of the great eminence.

The scene was lovely, and I was in raptures, and I was about to say so, and again I asked myself how people could be content in the chilly Northern countries; but I soon understood all that.

Tom was walking by my side, and turning to him:

"What do you think of it, Tom?" said I.

"Hum!" he growled out; "there's a pretty good view. But goodness," he continued, "I don't know what you see those sharks, Harry?"

I followed his pointing finger, and to my horror, I could see, cleaving the blue and white water, the long, slender, and black fins of one—two—three—half a score of sharks; while all the time, dashing and splashing in and out of the sun, busily unloading boats and larger vessels, were dozens of mulatto porters.

I expected every moment to hear a splash, and to see the silver foam tinged with red. My heart beat intermittently, and there was a strange dampness in my hands; but I soon learned that familiarity breeds contempt, and that, far from the noise and splashing kept up, the sharks rarely ventured an attack. But all the same, the sight made me gaze down into the blue depths where we were at anchor with a shudder, and think that the waters were not so safe as those of home.

"What's to learn something of the new land."

"What's this place called, Harry?" said Tom, interrupting my reverie.

"La Guayra, my boy, but I've forgotten."

"Humph!" ejaculated Tom. "Why call it by places by some name in plain English?"

But the various strange sights and sounds soon silenced Tom's tongue, and I went on my walk, and he went to the house that had been recom-

mended to us, and after partaking of coffee—the best I ever remember to have drunk, we sought our room. My last waking recollections were of the pungent fumes of tobacco, and the tinkle, tinkle, tinkle of a gull beating my window.

"I must have been asleep about three hours, and I was dreaming of having found gold enough to load a vessel homeward bound, when I was awakened by some one shaking me violently, and as I started up I became aware of a deafening roar, and saw the ship rising in a cloud, and the voice of Tom Gilbert.

"Harry, Harry! Wake up, wake up, and fro."

"What's the matter?" I gasped, springing out of bed, but I felt and staggered before being fully awake.

"That's just how it served me," said Tom. "Kneel down, the same as I do. The floor's going just like the deck of a ship."

"Where are you?" I cried, trying to collect my scattered faculties, for, awakened so suddenly from a deep sleep, I was quite dizzy.

"Oh, I'm here!" said Tom. "Give's your hand. But, I say, Harry, what does it mean? I'm not feeling any better, I feel like this every night? Because, if so, I sleep in the fields. There it goes again! What a row!"

"What's the matter?" I cried, for with the house rocking frightfully, now came from under the peel as of a thousand thunders, accompanied by the clang of bell, the crash of fust, the crackling and splitting of wood work, and the yelling and shrieking of people running about.

"This is a native storm, Harry?" shouted Tom to me during a pause.

"No!" I shouted in answer, with a sharp shiver of dread, and the fearful suspicion that had flashed across my brain.

"No, Tom, it's an earthquake!" "Is that all?" I grumbled Tom. "Well, it might as well be an earthquake, and not when folks were resting. But I thought earthquakes swallowed you up."

"No, Harry, it won't help me to see this door, Tom!" I shouted, "or we shall be crushed to death. Here, push—hard!"

Our efforts were vain, for just then came another shock, and one side of the room split open from floor to ceiling.

"The window—the window, Tom!" I shrieked, and as I rushed to the casement to our danger, we both made for the casement, reaching it just as, with a noise like thunder, down went the whole building!

It seemed to me I had been struck a violent blow. The next instant I was struggling among broken wood, dust, and plaster, fighting fiercely to escape, for there was a horrible dread upon me that at the next throes of the earthquake we should be hurled far down in the bowels of the earth.

How it all happened I know not, but I was lying on my back as at first, and "Tom—Tom!" I shouted, feeling about for the darkness was fearful.

"Where are you?"

"Close beside Harry," was the reply.

"Here, give me your hand," I shouted, and let's run down to the shore."

"You're in a bad way, Harry, was the first place that occurred to me.

"I can't," said Tom. "I've got no legs. You must feel them about there anywhere, can you?"

"What do you mean?" I cried. "This is no time for fooling! Look sharp, or we'll be crushed to death."

"Well, so I am looking sharp," growled Tom. "Ain't I looking for my legs? I can't feel them anywhere. Oh, here they are!"

Poor Tom was not joking. By this time I had crawled to him over the ruins of the house, to find he was jammed in between the beams of the roof, and the shock. As he told me afterward, the knock had produced a horrible sensation, just as if my legs had been cut off, a sensation heightened by the fact that I could feel down to his knees and no farther.

"This is a pleasant spot to take a house on lease, Harry," he said, as I tore at the woodwork.

"Are you hurt?" I exclaimed hastily. "Not a bit. I know of Harry, only my legs have no feeling in them. Stop a





## THE MOUNTAIN'S ROSE.

I AM a mountain high and great,  
That storms are born in; in;  
For centuries in rugged state  
I've bedded or the plain.  
I wear a mantle made of trees  
And dashed with silver streams;  
I wear far distant shining seas  
And cities in my dreams.  
Unmowed I watch the rumbling world,  
With all its joys and woes,  
And thunderbolts against me hurled  
But hush me to repose.  
Though slides may smile or skies may frown  
Through ages passing fires,  
My forehead wears a golden crown,  
And flowers robe my feet.

## Rare Coins.

## PART II.

BEFORE leaving the subject of cents, it may be mentioned that the old copper cents, when uncirculated and fresh from the mint, were of a bright reddish color. This no doubt gave rise to the expression "Not worth a red cent," often applied to something of trifling value; but as a matter of fact, any one who possesses an old cent of rare date may congratulate himself if the coin is red, as this greatly increases the value of the specimen. The old cent of rare date has been known to bring as high a price as \$200. Sometimes a reddish color is produced by scouring or treating with vinegar, but a dealer, or even one else with reasonably sharp eyes, can readily detect the difference.

## HALF CENTS.

These interesting little coins are last on the list of copper pieces. Like the old fashioned cents, they were first minted in 1793 and last in 1857. Most of them are rated at more or less of a premium, as will be seen from the following list:

1793	0.20	\$0.75
1794	0.20	1.00
1795	0.10	1.00
1796	0.10	1.00
1797	0.05	1.00
1800	0.05	1.00
1802	0.05	1.00
1803	0.02	1.00
1804	0.02	1.00
1805	0.02	1.00
1806	0.02	1.00
1807	0.02	1.00
1808	0.02	1.00
1809	0.02	1.00
1810	0.02	1.00
1811	0.02	1.00
1812	0.02	1.00
1813	0.02	1.00
1814	0.02	1.00
1815	0.02	1.00
1816	0.02	1.00
1817	0.02	1.00
1818	0.02	1.00
1819	0.02	1.00
1820	0.02	1.00
1821	0.02	1.00
1822	0.02	1.00
1823	0.02	1.00
1824	0.02	1.00
1825	0.02	1.00
1826	0.02	1.00
1827	0.02	1.00
1828	0.02	1.00
1829	0.02	1.00
1830	0.02	1.00
1831	0.02	1.00
1832	0.02	1.00
1833	0.02	1.00
1834	0.02	1.00
1835	0.02	1.00
1836	0.02	1.00
1837	0.02	1.00
1838	0.02	1.00
1839	0.02	1.00
1840	0.02	1.00
1841	0.02	1.00
1842	0.02	1.00
1843	0.02	1.00
1844	0.02	1.00
1845	0.02	1.00
1846	0.02	1.00
1847	0.02	1.00
1848	0.02	1.00
1849	0.02	1.00
1850	0.02	1.00
1851	0.02	1.00
1852	0.02	1.00
1853	0.02	1.00
1854	0.02	1.00
1855	0.02	1.00
1856	0.02	1.00
1857	0.02	1.00

We have still to deal with the gold coins. These are less interesting to young collectors, whose capital rarely allows them to lay aside pieces of so great intrinsic value. Still, to complete our list of American coins, we will give in detail the various premiums obtainable.

## DOUBLE EAGLES.

The double eagle, or twenty dollar gold piece, was first struck in 1849, and the coin of that year, bearing Liberty's head turned to the left, is very scarce and valuable. It is rated at \$50 in the purchasing lists of the dealers, but could probably be sold for a good deal more than that. There is no premium on the double eagles of other dates.

## EAGLES.

None of these are worth much more than their face value, but several command a slight premium:

1795	1.00	\$1.25
1796	1.00	1.50
1797, large eagle	1.00	1.50
1797, small eagle	1.00	1.50
1797, large eagle	1.00	1.50
1797, four stars on right,	1.00	2.00
1798, six stars on right,	1.00	11.00
1799	1.00	10.00
1800	1.00	10.00
1801	1.00	10.00
1802	1.00	10.00
1803	1.00	10.00
1804	1.00	10.00
1805	1.00	10.00
1806	1.00	10.00
1807	1.00	10.00
1808	1.00	10.00
1809	1.00	10.00
1810	1.00	10.00
1811	1.00	10.00
1812	1.00	10.00
1813	1.00	10.00
1814	1.00	10.00
1815	1.00	10.00
1816	1.00	10.00
1817	1.00	10.00
1818	1.00	10.00
1819	1.00	10.00
1820	1.00	10.00
1821	1.00	10.00
1822	1.00	10.00
1823	1.00	10.00
1824	1.00	10.00
1825	1.00	10.00
1826	1.00	10.00
1827	1.00	10.00
1828	1.00	10.00
1829	1.00	10.00
1830	1.00	10.00
1831	1.00	10.00
1832	1.00	10.00
1833	1.00	10.00
1834	1.00	10.00
1835	1.00	10.00
1836	1.00	10.00
1837	1.00	10.00
1838	1.00	10.00
1839	1.00	10.00
1840	1.00	10.00
1841	1.00	10.00
1842	1.00	10.00
1843	1.00	10.00
1844	1.00	10.00
1845	1.00	10.00
1846	1.00	10.00
1847	1.00	10.00
1848	1.00	10.00
1849	1.00	10.00
1850	1.00	10.00
1851	1.00	10.00
1852	1.00	10.00
1853	1.00	10.00
1854	1.00	10.00
1855	1.00	10.00
1856	1.00	10.00
1857	1.00	10.00

## HALF EAGLES.

A number of the earlier issues of half eagles, or five dollar gold pieces, command a premium, and some of them are quite rare. We append a list:

1795, small eagle	5.00
1795, large eagle	10.00
1796	5.00
1797, small eagle	5.00
1797, large eagle	10.00
1798, small eagle	7.50
1798, large eagle	10.00
1799	6.00
1800	5.25
1801	5.25
1802	5.25
1803	5.25
1804	5.25
1805	5.25
1806	5.25
1807, head of Liberty to right	5.25
1807, head of Liberty to left	5.25
1808	5.25
1809	5.25
1810	5.25
1811	5.25
1812	5.25
1813	5.25
1814	5.25
1815	5.25
1816	5.25
1817	5.25
1818	5.25
1819	5.25
1820	5.25
1821	5.25
1822	5.25
1823	5.25
1824	5.25
1825	5.25
1826	5.25
1827	5.25
1828	5.25
1829	5.25
1830	5.25
1831	5.25
1832	5.25
1833	5.25
1834, similar to previous issues	5.25

## THREE DOLLAR PIECES.

These coins are comparatively seldom seen, although a few have been coined every year since 1854. None of the dates are very rare, however, the following being the only premiums paid:

1854	3.00
1855	3.00
1856	3.00
1857	3.00
1858	3.00
1859	3.00
1860	3.00
1861	3.00
1862	3.00
1863	3.00
1864	3.00
1865	3.00
1866	3.00
1867	3.00
1868	3.00
1869	3.00
1870	3.00
1871	3.00
1872	3.00
1873	3.00
1874	3.00
1875	3.00
1876	3.00

## QUARTER EAGLES.

Of the quarter eagles, or two dollars and a half gold piece, the following are priced at more than their face value:

1795	2.50
1796, without stars	2.50
1796, with stars	3.50
1797	2.50
1798	3.00
1800	3.00
1801	3.00
1802	3.00
1803	3.00
1804	3.00
1805	3.00
1806	3.00
1807	3.00
1808	3.00
1809	3.00
1810	3.00
1811	3.00
1812	3.00
1813	3.00
1814	3.00
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1863	3.00
1864	3.00
1865	3.00
1866	3.00
1867	3.00
1868	3.00
1869	3.00
1870	3.00
1871	3.00
1872	3.00
1873	3.00
1874	3.00
1875	3.00
1876	3.00

## GOLD DOLLARS.

These, the smallest of the United States gold coins, have been struck every year since 1849, but only a few of them command any premium, none being in great variety:

1870	-	-	-	-	-	\$1.25
1871	-	-	-	-	-	1.25
1872	-	-	-	-	-	1.25
1875	-	-	-	-	-	2.00



[This story commenced in No. 275.]

# Three Thirty Three;

or,

## ALLAN TRENT'S TRIALS.

By MATTHEW WHITE, JR.,

Author of "Eric Dane," "The Heir to White-collars," "The Denford Boys," etc.

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### AN UNSATISFACTORY INTERVIEW.

"S ALLAN Trent here, or can you tell me where I can find him?"

Arthur, breathless and excited, had burst into the broker's office with this query.

Mr. Chessman, the bookkeeper, was leaning against the railing, talking with one or three clerks who had just come in.

He gazed at the newcomer with a singular expression as he shrugged his shoulders.

"I know nothing about the young man," he said.

"Hain't he been here today?"

"He was here this morning."

"And didn't he say where you could find him?"

"I guess he isn't particularly anxious about it."

"What do you mean?"

Arthur began to grow annoyed at the exasperating independence of the clerk who had hitherto always been so deferential and polite.

The men with the note books exchanged smiles.

"Have you read this morning's papers?"

Chessman put the question in a patronizing tone that was particularly offensive to Arthur, who now began to experience what it meant to champion a false cause.

But he was not a curd in his pride, and endeavored to keep his temper.

"Yes," he answered, "but I don't see what that has to do with your not knowing Allan's address."

But if you, his best friend, don't know, I don't see how you can expect anyone to have it."

"I have been away, though, and the house on the Heights is all closed up. I have very important news for him, and thought where he could tell me."

"Look here, Seymour," returned Chessman, advancing a few steps, and giving his voice a semi-confidential air, "the Trents or the Fords, whichever you please to call them, have nothing more to do with this office. Everything belongs to the creditors, whose interests I now serve. This is what I told Master Allan, when I called this morning to arrange about turning over the house in Brooklyn to the same parties. Allan says he goes, but, as for me, well, the less said of me the better—and the wife refused over everything for the benefit of those who lost by that misappropriation of the bonds."

"And I should think that would be enough to silence this disgraceful charge against Mr. Trent," burst forth Arthur, impetuously. "Isn't he and his family among more than a few hundred dollars?"

"Very true, Master Seymour, for the present no doubt they are," returned the clerk, blandly. "But five years ago, not such a very long period to be a man in the prime of life, and \$200,000 will be a snug little sum to start again with at the end of them."

"It isn't so. How can you believe such a thing of Mr. Trent?"

The color had rushed to Arthur's face, and he set about defending his friends in his usual impetuous fashion.

"But the bonds are gone, nobody knows where, and they were delivered upon Mr. Trent's written order. He has been fighting with another shrug, and that slight pause before the proper name of which he had already made use, was a foregone conclusion."

"Have you any proof that it was?"

"You believed it to be one yourself yesterday morning. What can you say to change your mind?"

"Yesterday morning I was scarcely accountable for what I believed. The shock of discover-

ing my employer's true character quite unnerved me for the time. Besides, have you had Mr. Trent's denial that he wrote the order?"

"No, I have not seen him ask him about it. That is one of the things I want to find Allan for."

"Well, I can tell you that the son is no wiser in the matter than you are."

"He hasn't seen his father, then, since the robbery?"

"No."

"But he stopped at the jail yesterday, I know."

"Just after his father had been taken off to the train for the West. I have been comparing the writing on that note with that on Mr. Trent's letters and memoranda, and find no reason to doubt its genuineness."

"But why should he have sent that Beaver with it—the very man who was the cause of his being taken?"

"Oh, the explanation of that is simple enough," laughed Chessman. "That man Beaver called here at the office two weeks ago."

"Yes, I know that."

"I know nothing about the young man," he said.

"Hain't he been here today?"

"He was here this morning."

"And didn't he say where you could find him?"

"I guess he isn't particularly anxious about it."

"What do you mean?"

Arthur began to grow annoyed at the exasperating independence of the clerk who had hitherto always been so deferential and polite.

The men with the note books exchanged smiles.

"Have you read this morning's papers?"

Chessman put the question in a patronizing tone that was particularly offensive to Arthur, who now began to experience what it meant to champion a false cause.

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like Beaver?" objected Arthur. "He may go to the ends of the earth with the money, and Mr. Trent may never see a dollar of it, let alone the creditors."

This view of the matter appeared to stagger Mr. Chessman for a moment. The two men with notebooks also looked interested, and began to whisper together.

"Oh, I suppose he feared that all right," the clerk finally responded, adding with a smile, "Honor among thieves, you know."

"But supposing, won't do in a case like this," exclaimed Arthur, with rising indignation. "I think it is wildly improper that Mr. Trent would have got a man like Beaver to keep money for him. It's all come of these newspaper reporters who want to get up a sensation."

"These gentlemen are connected with the press," interposed Chessman, with a wave of his hand towards the whisperers.

"So much the better," went on Arthur, wholeheartedly, "for they know how the world stands for themselves, and write up a contradiction of the cruelly false statements they have already made."

"How about that note in Mr. Trent's handwriting though, young man?" inquired the taller of the two reporters.

"Why, that's the very thing," Arthur checked himself suddenly. "If he should divulge his great idea in this pressence, it

"No; only he had been scribbling something on a piece of paper, and stopped all of a sudden when I came back."

"Are you sure about that?" went on Arthur, with rising excitement. "Did you notice whether he could see right before me. I had all I could do wondering over that funny 'x's' business."

"But think hard now, and see if you can remember whether there was any writing of Mr. Trent's lying there that man Beaver could see?"

"Let me see," mused the boy, knitting his brows. "That is what I doing when he came in? Oh, yes, I remember a lead pencil. I remember when he was so what he had written on that slip that I dropped it and broke the new point I had made."

"But that doesn't tell me whether there was any of Mr. Trent's writing about it," put Arthur, quickly.

"Oh, I'm coming to that," went on Arthur, as he was to figure up his losses. "No, before I sharpened that pen, I had stamped a letter for Mr. Trent."

"And was that lying where Beaver could see it?" interposed the taller, eagerly.

"Well, it was on a table just inside the railing, and I suppose he could have seen it if he'd looked."

"Did you see what it was?" Mr. Beaver had written?" pursued Arthur.

"No, I hadn't heard me coming he crumpled the paper up and dropped it in his pocket."

"Good!" exclaimed Arthur, clapping Ben on the shoulder in his enthusiasm. "If I were a detective in a half dime novel I'd cry 'Ha, mechanics were on the villain's track!'"

But now tell me what address is that on that letter. And you remember the name?"

"I can't think of the gentleman's first name, but the last one was Oppenheim, I'm pretty sure."

Arthur took out his card case and noted down this fact. By this time they had reached Broadway, and the city was thinning out five.

"Just give me your address before you go, will you?" said Seymour, who was going home on Ben's shoulder.

"This secret," Arthur thanked the boy, and sprang on an up bound Broadway car.

"If I could only lay my hands on Allan now!" he said to himself. "I'm so sure to catch him that Beaver is a villain through and through;

himself with such a trifling incident on such a pressing occasion. At that instant, however, the itinerant salesman daubed the whole side of his face with a quantity of red mud, and where I saw it; when Al declared that note to be a forgery yesterday, and that is Ben, the very office boy I want to see."

"I've surely seen that expression of amazement," reflected Arthur, as he went on his way, where I saw it; when Al declared that note to be a forgery yesterday, and that is Ben, the very office boy I want to see."

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ALLAN WAS GAZING UP AND DOWN THE COLUMNS WITH A HOPELESS LOOK.









The subscription price of the ARGOSY is \$5.00 per year in advance.  
 "Club rates."—For \$2.00 we will send two copies for one year to two persons in the same household, and one copy to a third person in the same household. As soon as we start with the beginning of the year, we will send a copy to each of our subscribers.  
 The number (which number) with which each subscriber receives his copy of the ARGOSY is printed on the inside of the cover. Renewals.—Two copies are sent after receipt of the number of the ARGOSY next to the number of the ARGOSY which was changed.  
 The number (which number) with which each subscriber receives his copy of the ARGOSY is printed on the inside of the cover. Renewals.—Two copies are sent after receipt of the number of the ARGOSY next to the number of the ARGOSY which was changed.  
 In order to keep the ARGOSY before the eyes of our subscribers, we have arranged to send them a copy of the ARGOSY next to the number of the ARGOSY which was changed.  
 FRANK A. MURPHY, PUBLISHER,  
 10 WABASH STREET, NEW YORK.

#### BUMBLE BEES AT A PREMIUM.

It seems as if Australia must pay up for the value of its gold fields by drawbacks in other directions. The rabbit pest has already been described in these columns; if the Australians could exchange their rabbits for bumble bees they would jump at the chance, as the saying is, "Bumble bees!" you exclaim. "What possible use can they be?"

They are wanted to assist in the growth of clover, which cannot be produced in Australia, owing to the absence of these lazy, buzzing insects, who fertilize the clover seed by carrying the pollen from blossom to blossom. It is said that a Kentucky farmer has advised for \$500 one hundred bumble bees, many that may be of bumble bees to be shipped to the antipodes.

#### A HEALTHY HINT.

If a boy owns a bicycle, he knows that to enjoy its use he must be dressed carefully to prevent chafing, otherwise the nicely adjusted parts will become clogged and incapable of performing their duties. But every boy, whether he possesses a bicycle or not, owns a machine ten times more valuable and hence worthy of the same cautious and thoughtful treatment. And, alas, it all too seldom receives. Unless, indeed, it gets out of order, when there is great lamenting and a rapid resort to the repair shop, which an ounce of prevention might have rendered unnecessary.

This line to which we refer is the human body, with which no piece of machinery of man's contrivance can compare for its wonderful perfection. And yet how persistently it is neglected, and what widespread ignorance exists concerning its structure and needs! Almost any child knows that adna must be removed from a stove at regular intervals, yet how many "grow up" realize that the pores of the skin give forth the ashes, so to speak, of the system, which must be removed by frequent washing of the entire body?

Wash your horse and your bicycle by all means, but do not neglect their master.

#### HOW TO WRITE A STORY.

We recently quoted in these columns that Julian Hawthorne's advice to beginners in literature was: "We have reason to know that authorship is a profession possessing a perennial interest to a large proportion of our readers, so we make no apology for soon reverting to the topic."

Time our reason for doing so is to give our young story writers the benefit of an excellent guide mark set up by Edgar Fawcett, the successful novelist, in the course of a paper on his craft contributed to the *New York World*.

In referring to the construction of the plot, he says that this should naturally be evolved from the influence of the characters upon one another, and not of the sort to arouse in the reader the suspicion that a string of incidents had been thought out first and then the characters made to fit them.

This is, in fact, the fault with the bulk of the stories that the ARGOSY is compelled to reject, week after week—the actors in the narratives lack individuality, they never seem to have had the breath of life breathed into them. When they talk one naturally looks around to find the stringer the author has put at his little sister's feet that attached to her doll when she wishes her to say "papa" or "mamma."

We acknowledge that naturalness and appar-

ent case is one of the most difficult things to acquire in story writing, but then all excellence must be won by conquering.

We believe it was somewhere in *New Jersey* that a man once built a boat in the cellar of his house, and after it was all finished discovered that he would have to take it apart in order to get it out to the river. At any rate, *New Jersey* paper that tells the story of a very stout carpenter, who, being told to set the studding in the room of a cottage he was rebuilding twelve inches from center to center, followed his instructions so faithfully that when quitting time came he found he had made a prisoner of himself. And it was only by knocking down one of the studs that he was able to get home to supper.

We now have an opportunity to see how history is made. The recent death of the emperor of Germany, at a time when his son, the heir to the throne, is himself said to be on the verge of getting married, is a coincidence of rare occurrence. The accession of "Our Fritz" to the kingship, if only for a day, means a great deal to his wife, who will thus, even if left a widow, receive the homage of a dowager empress. Had her husband died before his father, the succession would have passed directly to her son, the young Prince William, whose political views and ambitions are reported to be at variance with those of his parents. It will thus be seen that even royalty has its seamy side, and the history now being acted out in the Fatherland will make from day to day by thousands with eager interest equal to that aroused by serial fiction.

#### A SPLENDID SERIES OF STORIES.

ALTHOUGH MURPHY'S POPULAR SERIES has only reached its eighth number, the range of subjects treated in the stories is a very wide one and of a sort to suit all tastes. Boys with a fondness for reading of adventures amid mountain woods and crags will be charmed with

"The Mountain-king," while those who enjoy following the fortunes of treasure-seekers will do well to begin with Jack Bond on his Voyage to the Gold Coast. Those who long for the scent of the sea will find it to perfection with "The Boys in the Forecastle," while enthusiasts over the "New West" will find the acquaintance of "Jack Wheeler." We all like to be sharers of one another's joys, so that readers of "Barbara's Triumphs" should be numbered by thousands, while it is equally undeniable that curiosity is a fundamental element of human nature. Hence the large sale of the story that treats of "The Mystery of a Diamond." Everybody is interested in street boy life, so that it is not necessary to more than mention that "No. 9" concerns itself with the career of a New York telegraph boy, while the story of the night watchman, "The Young Acrobat"—is a circus story, written by the famous Horatio Alger, Jr. The coupling of these two statements is worth volumes of laudatory advertisements.

Remember that each book is neatly bound in attractive cover, contains full plate illustrations and costs only 25 cents.

#### THE BEST STORIES PRESENTED IN THE

THIS continues to be the concurrent testimony of countless readers of the ARGOSY, expressed in various forms and by both young and old. Here are some testimonials of this description that came to hand shortly before the great storm snowed the night away.

W. W. 1311 St. New York, March 13, 1888.  
 Hurray for the ARGOSY! Nothing can equal it.

HICKMAN, N. Y., March 13, 1888.  
 I thought I would write and tell you what I think of your paper. I think it the best paper I ever had in my hands. Every new story that begins is better. I grow ever more and more attached to it.

HERBERT R. TANNER,  
 LOCKPORT, N. Y., March 13, 1888.

Allow me to commend your magazine for its success in the publishing and editing of your paper, I am a great admirer of it. I think it the best paper I ever had in my hands. Every new story that begins is better. I grow ever more and more attached to it.

J. W. ALLAN,  
 SAUVY ST., MASS., March 13, 1888.

Since I first began to read the ARGOSY I have had a growing liking for it. I am a printer and I think it the best paper I ever had in my hands. Every new story that begins is better. I grow ever more and more attached to it.

Under Fire" and "Mr. Halgrove's War."

HOWARD BARR,

#### HON. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY.

Secretary of the Navy.

The present condition of the American navy has been the subject of many bitter lamentations and state jokes innumerable, besides giving serious subjects to those interested in national defense and providing a perpetual theme of discussion by world reformers. With the causes of the existing state of things it is impossible to deal here, interesting as the topic is, and important as is a knowledge of it to our young citizens. Those who have given a little study to the subject can understand the magnitude of the task entailed upon the present Secretary of the Navy, who is striving to build up from the foundation the materials from which a powerful fleet can be evolved.

The management of Secretary Whitney's department has perhaps received more approbation from the country than any other branch of the present Government, and a good deal of interest attaches to the energetic efforts of Secretary Whitney to reform the navy.

William Collins Whitney was born at Cohasset, Massachusetts, in 1839. He was the son of General James S. Whitney, who died in 1848 after a long and successful career in public life, having served under President Pierce as superintendent of the United States arsenal at Springfield, Massachusetts, and under President Buchanan as Collector of Customs in the port of Boston.

The future Secretary of the Navy was educated at Williston Seminary, in Easthampton, Massachusetts, and afterward at Yale. He graduated with distinction at the famous New Haven college in 1863, being chosen to deliver the graduation oration, and sharing the first prize for English with William G. Sumner, later professor of political economy at Yale.

He then went through a course at the Harvard law school. After taking another degree there, he came to New York, where he continued his legal studies under the guidance of Abraham R. Lincoln, who was afterward one of the judges of the Supreme Court.

Mr. Whitney made a specialty of what is known as corporation law—that branch of the profession which deals with the legal affairs of incorporated companies. Thus, as is well known, he was very remunerative to the successful practitioner.

For several years he was counsel to the Continental Life Insurance Company, the New Jersey Mutual Life Insurance Company, and several railroad and steamship corporations.

A famous case in which he figured prominently was that of Charles Reed's suit for libel against *The Round Table*, a New York literary paper, on account of a very sharp criticism on "Griffith Guog" which was published in its columns. Mr. Whitney appeared for the defense, and the trial, which lasted a week, resulted in the clients' favor, the jury declining to award more than nominal damages to the talented but over sensitive English novelist.

The first office ever held by Mr. Whitney was that of school trustee for the Twenty First Ward of New York City. His real entrance into politics was when, in conjunction with Judge Lawrence, he took an active part in the struggle with the gang of municipal corruptionists known as the Tweed ring, during the years 1870 and 1871. He joined Mayor Wickham, Governor Tilden and other prominent citizens in forming the Apollo Hall organization, which proved a powerful factor in the work of reform.

In 1872 Mr. Whitney was a candidate for the office of district attorney on the ticket nominated by Apollo Hall, but was not successful. Three years later Mayor Wickham appointed him corporation counsel, a position to which he was twice reappointed, and which he held for seven years, finally resigning in November, 1878.

He was among the founders of the Young Men's Democratic Club, and assisted in the formation of the Irving Hall organization. He was also one of the original members of the political body known as the County Democracy, with which he was long connected.

His selection for a position in President Cleveland's cabinet was received with general acquiescence, which has grown into satisfaction as his admirable executive capacity has been exhibited. A few partisan sneers at the "old salt

" have been drowned in the chorus of public approval at his earnest and successful efforts to reform the abuses which have brought the American navy to its present state of decay. Mr. Whitney owns a hand-drawn in the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty Seventh Street, opposite to the palatial residence of Cornelius Vanderbilt. He is married to the daughter of Senator Rufus W. Child, and both himself and his wife are popular as well as prominent in the best society of New York and Washington.

R. H. TITHERINGTON.

#### A MOTHER'S BOY.

A MOTHER can feel where she cannot see, she is wiser than any sage; My boy was trained in the good old way, shall certainly get my wage. And though he has wandered far away, And followed his wayward will, He's my boy still!

#### GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

LAZINESS wastes so slow that Poverty soon overtakes him. *—G. H. Carter.*

The shortest way to do many things is only one at a time.

FOLDFULNESS is an easy virtue, costs little, and has great purchasing power. *—Dr. Auld.*

FAITHFULNESS is often called "truth," but she soon outgrows her cradle and discards her nurse.

It is counted it good to see dangers and in execution not to be them, except they be away. *—Bacon.*

It is the greatest possible crime to be praised by a man who is himself deserving of praise. *—From the Latin.*

LET this be your constant maxim, that no man can be good enough to neglect the duties of prudence. *—Boswell.*

Oh all our infirmities, yield to the dearest to us. A man will spare his own vices to keep that alive. *—Benjamin Franklin.*

FOR every grain of wit there is a grain of folly. For everything you have missed, you have gained something else. *—Emerson.*

THIS way to cure our prejudices is this—that every man should be alone those that are the perceptions of others, and examine his own. *—Locke.*

LET it be born in mind that the cords of love, which bind hearts to closely together, are not of life nor death nor time nor eternity can sever them, but woven by whose will, because of whose will, his fate, while the universe would be insensible of its victory. *—Faust.*



## A SEEMLY LIFE.

BY JOHN MOSLEY.

Woolster took fashion for thyself a seemly life. There's no more what is past and gone; And, spite of all, thou mayest have left behind, And if thy life be but just begun; What each day wills, enough for thee to know; And, when thou art dead, thyself mayst well tell: Do thine own task, and be therewith content; And when thou dost, that thou fairly lodge; Be sure that thou no brother mortal hast; Then all besides leave to the Master Power.

[This story commenced in No. 273.]

THE  
Basket of Diamonds;OR,  
HOPE EVERTON'S INHERITANCE.

BY GATLE WINTERTON.

## CHAPTER IX.

## AN INTERVIEW WITH SILKY.

THE sudden opening of the door, which probably had not been securely latched, caused Rowly Parkway to fall on the floor at full length.

But he did not lie there even the fraction of a second. Both Silky and Rush Sinneton were startled at the unexpected intrusion of the apartment, and involuntarily retreated to the rear of the room.

Rowly sprang to his feet again as soon as he had struck the floor, and walked forward to the middle of the room, for he knew very well that if he attempted to escape he would be perceived.

On the table under the gas burner lay a very handsomely mounted revolver, which the burglar had doubtless taken from his pocket when he came in. Rowly picked up the weapon, for he thought it had better be in his possession under the present circumstances, than in that of the owner.

Though the appearances were all against him, he felt that he was engaged in a good cause, and he was not at all abashed at the situation upon which the accident at the door had thrown him. He had no little natural dignity of character, and with the pistol in his hand he felt quite equal to the emergency.

Folding his arms he stood erect, with the weapon under his left shoulder, looking as though he owned the house and all that was in it, rather than like an intruder in the apartment.

"Who are you?" demanded Silky, when he had recovered from his astonishment.

"I am an innocent young man of sixteen, seeking his fortune on the stage of life," replied Rowly promptly, borrowing his reply in part from a story he had read.

"Then you are an actor, are you?" asked the occupant of the room.

"Just now I am, though I don't follow that calling for my bread and butter."

"What are you going to do with that revolver?"

"I am a creature of circumstance at the door as you moment, and I have not the least idea what I shall do with it."

"What is your business here?"

"I hardly think I have any business here, and my call upon you was altogether an accident."

"You take things very calmly."

"Do you allude to my taking this handsome revolver?"

"I was rather cool for you to take possession of my property as you appear to."

"I am sure it will be safer for me to have it; and as I have no particular business with you at the present moment, I may as well take my leave of you."

"Don't be in a hurry, my dear fellow," interposed Silky, who had by this time recovered his self-possession.

"You are very kind; I did not expect to be admitted to the hospitality of your room after such a demonstration."

"Perhaps you will be willing to explain how you happened to be at the door as you did," suggested Silky, in the blindest of tones.

"I followed a gentleman into this house, and I have no leaning against the door than I intended; but the door could not have been latched, or it would not have opened so easily."

"Possibly you will oblige me by giving me your card."

"It can't happen to have any cards with me; but I refer you to your friend, who has been too busy to say anything more to me so far."

Silky looked at Rush with an interrogation point in his expression.

"This is the fellow I was telling you about—the one that knocked me over in the street," replied Rush rather sheepishly.

"Oh! Indeed? And what did you say his name was, Rush?"

"Rowland Parkway, I believe; but everybody calls him Rowly."

"Thanks, Rush. I am very happy to know you, Rowly. You did a good thing in defending Miss Hope, and I honor you for it. I should have done the same thing myself if I had been there; and I said as much as that to Rush himself."

"Thank you for your kind approval of my conduct. It is getting late, and I must bid you good evening," replied Rowly, resuming his backward march to the door.

"Not yet, my dear fellow. We shall be friends for life, and we cannot part yet. It occurs to me that you must have been lying at the door when it flew open," continued Silky, moving towards the intruder.

Rowly unfolded his arms, and brought the revolver into a more convenient position for use.

"Of course you have a perfect right to state your own conclusions," he said; "but if you

It suggested something to him, and he drew the key from its place, and then suddenly slipped out of the room.

"Don't go yet, Rowly, my dear fellow," called Silky.

But the intruder paid no attention to him. He closed the door behind him, and held it fast till he inserted the key and turned it in the lock, making his late friends prisoners in the apartment.

"Follow him, Rush!" cried Silky in a loud tone. "Don't let him get away from you! I will be with you as soon as I can put my boots on."

"He has locked us in!" exclaimed Rush, a tone of dismay.

Rowly did not wait to hear any more, but putting the revolver in his pocket, he walked leisurely down the stairs, and out into the street without being challenged by any person.

But what Silky was a little bit, and he did not know what else he might be; but he concluded that it would not take him long to open the door. He had located one of the men who had attempted to break into the store; but he was not quite contented with the amount of information he had gained.

them. Taking possession of the latter, he continued his watch over the movements of the burglar.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE SISTER OF THE JUNIOR PARTNER.

ROWLY went to the end of the short, narrow street; but he had not gone far when he saw Silky, who had either concealed himself, or perhaps he had been waiting for the next opportunity.

But it was nearly eleven o'clock, and he felt the necessity of reporting to the clerk in charge of the store, and he had returned to Broadway, he gave the private signal at the door of the store.

The door was opened very carefully a little crack, and the clerk in charge asked who was there.

"Rowly, 463," replied the applicant for admission.

"Come in," continued the clerk, who was a man of forty, in anything but a pleasant tone.

Rowly availed himself of the permission, and entered the store.

"What do you mean by saying that you came here before?" It is almost eleven," snarled the testy Amlock, as he glanced at the regulator in the wall of the department.

"I took a look at the back of the store when I came first, and I found a man at work on the roof of the building," replied Rowly, trying not to make too much of the incident of this evening.

"Amlock was more pliable than, and Rowly told him his adventure, and exhibited the boots as the evidence of the truth of his story.

He did not consider it necessary to say anything about the diamonds, for they had no connection with the attempted robbery of the store.

And you say the fellow who was on the ladder came back to the rear of the store, to see you?" asked Amlock, when he had heard the narrative.

"Yes, sir; but I lost sight of him there," replied the junior clerk. "There were two of them, and very likely he was looking for the other."

"They may try again at a later hour, for they went in to work at the early hours."

"I think I will walk around to the back door."

"I don't believe they will try it again tonight," added Rowly.

"But I must satisfy myself," replied the senior, as he took a revolver from a session. He came over under the counter.

"Keep a sharp lookout while I am gone."

Rowly let him out of the store at the front door, and then secured all the locks again.

As soon as the rear of the store was under a careful survey of the lofty windows. Under the one where the burglar had been at work, he found a ladder, used for hanging goods on the upper shelves of the back store, and it looked as though it had been placed there for the convenience of the burglar, who had effected a break in the window.

As he thought of the matter he turned over the boot in his hand, and looked at the heel of it.

Before he completed even his first glance at the position of the nails, a sharp scream, in the tones of the female sex, started him, and he saw the women did not scream in the street for nothing.



"STOP WHERE YOU ARE!" SHOUTED ROWLY TO THE INTRUDER.

will excuse me, I will say nothing on the subject."

"Your coming and your overhearing what was passing between me and my friend and myself places him in an embarrassing position, for you must have learned that he had been engaged in a diamond venture."

"I have been engaged in a diamond venture!" protested Rush, springing to his feet.

"I have told you I had nothing to do with the matter."

"Don't get excited, Rush."

"I know all about the diamond venture," added Rowly, still retreating step by step to the door.

"Of course you do, and you know that Rush was the only person in the world that had the least interest in taking them; but he had no more idea of stealing the box than I have."

"When his little scheme has succeeded or failed, he will return the gems to the lady," said Silky, in the most plausible tone.

"If he has a diamond, very likely he will return them," added Rowly, who appeared to be quite indifferent about the matter.

He had reached the door, and standing with his back to it for a moment, he felt the key in the lock.

Walking down the street a few steps, he heard the entrance of the lodging house; and in a few minutes he saw Silky coming towards him.

Rowly had placed himself near a pile of boxes on the edge of the sidewalk in front of a store, and he lodged behind it as soon as he saw the burglar come down the steps.

As soon as it was prudent to do so, the direction of Brilliant & Co.'s store, and he concluded that he had come to look for Blooks.

Silky walked through the narrow street in the rear of the store; and seemed to be looking about in the darkness for something. Probably he was not quite contented with the amount of information he had gained.

Rowly followed him.

The gentlemanly "breaker" led him in the direction of Brilliant & Co.'s store, and he concluded that he had come to look for Blooks.

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Rowly followed him.





## THE KETTLE ON THE CRANE.

How many pleasant pictures does the recollection bring  
Of home and bygone pleasures that around the fire  
The friends reminisces come thronging on the brain.

When I hear these I hear the sound of the kettle on the crane—  
Hear it singing, singing, singing,  
Soft and merry, loud and merry,  
Hear it murmur, murmur, murmur,  
Soft and low.

These the broad, wide open chimneys, with its  
Built-up lugs of logs of generous size to make the  
Chimney crackling, crackling, crackling,  
And, near the waiting table stands, spread bountiful  
And plain.  
While the kettle sings and sings upon the crane.

Hear it singing, singing, singing,  
Loud and merry, fast and slow,  
Hear it murmur, murmur, murmur,  
Soft and low.

—The Yonkers Statesman.

(This story commenced in No. 26.)

THE  
Lost Gold Mine.

By FRANK H. CONVERSE.

Author of "Van," "In Southern Seas," "The  
Mystery of a Diamond," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

A CONVERSATION WITH HETHERING.

THE sudden intervention of young Hethering created quite a sensation among the excited group around the billiard table.

"Stand away, Hethering, this is my quarrel," exclaimed Percy, whose discomfited face showed the mark of a pretty sharp blow.

"If you're not a confounded coward," continued, frowning, the young man with wrath, "you'll not refuse the satisfaction due one gentleman from another. Give me your card."

This to Rob, who stared at the excited hot-headed speaker, thus recapitulating the language of old time duello, in mute astonishment.

"Card!" repeated Rob amidst a staccato silence. "I have no card. As for satisfaction—which I suppose you mean giving on this *fronza*—certainly refuse. I never was in a bar room fight before. I was forced into this by person who I presume is your antagonist, gentlemen. No—I will not fight!"

Hethering wheeled round squarely at the sound of Rob's voice.

"What I never did say to you, Dare!" he exclaimed in wondering accents, "were those drowned in the cry of 'coward' from those who heard Rob's refusal."

"Confound your fist fighting," shouted his exasperated opponent, who was struggling to pass Hethering. "I mean satisfaction with pistols. Will you fight me with them?"

"You being a natural born fool, I hardly think I will," was the cool answer. And again, though fainter, the cry of "coward" was heard from various parts of the room.

It was then that Hethering's voice made itself heard above the tumult. "Don't know which of the fellows call a coward he cries," but I happen to know that this stranger you're showing such civility towards has got more pluck in his little finger than the whole of you put together."

Only a scion of English nobility whose father was supposed to be immensely wealthy could have ventured upon such a bold statement. Before the astonished crowd could recover from their surprise, Hethering, regarding Rob's unprovoked expostulation, gave a brief recital of the latter's brave defense of Bonanza ranch. The heated blood of the South produces a corresponding warm heartedness, which itself is quick to recognize real courage.

"Aren't you love?" Percy exclaimed. "I saw an account of the thing in the papers. Give us your hand, Dare. I behaved like a fool!"

At the leader, so the crowd. Five minutes later, Rob's hand had been grasped by all who could get near him, greatly to his embarrassment, and by the end of the hour he was being his steadfast yet courteous refusal to partake of the various beverages suggested, was regarded as a still further proof of his courageous young manhood.

It was with some little difficulty that Rob got away from his now enthusiastic admirers, but finally he succeeded, accompanied by Hethering, whom he thanked with unaffected earnestness for his championship.

The latter led the way to a seat in one of the balconies overlooking the great street with its parade and passing show.

His former coldness had given place to the geniality of a brother. English gentlemen, once his crust of reserve is broken through. Brother John and Uncle Sam sometimes misunderstand each other in social intercourse, but never for very long.

Hethering was not content till he had drawn from the other the minutest detail, the account of his adventures since Rob, with his companions, left the Bonanza lodge.

Never was a better listener. He roared with delight at the recital of Chip's capture—probably for life—by the Indian maid. His eyes were turned to the utmost capacity at the journey through Death Valley and the *mirage* of the phantom ship. When the young man told him of the good fortune of the bold adventurers, no less than the tragedy of the canyon cave, Hethering's astonishment knew no bounds, while his congratulations were profuse.

"Don't I wish I'd been with you," he said repeatedly, as if he wished that Rob hardly felt at liberty to echo.

There was a brief pause. Hethering then asked the young man a few questions, when Rob broke in rather awkwardly:

"I—I suppose Colonel Lamonte and the rest of them are back from the ranch."

It was Hethering's turn to appear slightly surprised. "Yes," he said, looking down at his newly polished shoes. "A—rather unpleasant news called them back to New York the day after you said good-bye to us at the Indian mound."

"Unpleasant news?" inquiringly repeated Rob.

"Bad case of smash, don't you know," was the reply. "Colonel undertook to speculate through his New York agent something in ether or oil or some slippery thing—bottom fell out, and they say the colonel lost half a million."

"Fact," said Hethering, nursing his thick stick between his knees and avoiding Rob's eyes. "The young fellow was out in fact, and I—I hear they're going back to the ranch, which I believe the colonel deemed to Miss Lanette for a birthday gift a couple of years ago."

This was unpleasant news with a vengeance.

"How does Miss Doris bear it?" asked Rob, wondering why young Hethering spoke in such brief disjointed sentences, and almost in a whisper.

"A—well—I haven't seen her since the smash," responded the Honorable Guy, turning very red. "Fact is," he went on, "you depend on me?" exclaimed Rob, and in England that means if I don't marry my wife, I must grub for gold. "Army, church, or study for barrister, do you like?" asked Rob, like the first, and ain't bright enough for the other two.

"I returned Rob, in a non-committal sort of way."

"The governor and Colonel Lamonte have it sort of understood between them that some day I and Miss Doris would make a match. Lately I found out she—didn't care for me that way, don't you know?"

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from whom he had been stolen in childhood, "like a fellow in a novel, don't you know," as the Honorable Guy expressed it.

While they were talking, Mr. Nutter, a rather heavy looking individual with a hook nose and slightly Hebraic accent, came from the street. Rob excused himself at once, and Hethering, promising to see him again, sauntered away.

From the pocket of the card he had under certain penciled notes in a thick memorandum book, was not particularly encouraging.

A professional violist, De Lancy by name, had established himself in Poydras Street some three years previous. Came from Chicago. Spoke of the child's infancy and possibility of getting a clef to his whereabouts through an agent employed by his father's doctors. Being foolish enough not to employ a detective in the matter—Mr. Nutter laid emphasis upon this clause—Mr. DeLancy seemed to have failed in his attempt. Grew despondent. Neglected engagements. Left the Poydras Street lodgings for cheaper ones in French Quarter. Spoke of the child's name had thus far failed to trace him, but no doubt that he should very soon be able to get a clef.

"You obtained some description of his personal appearance, of course?" suggested Rob.

Mr. Nutter smiled slightly, and extracted a somewhat dingy photograph from the pages of the memoranda, which Rob took with some misgivings.

"He gave it to the daughter of the boarding mistress—I took it from the album in the parlor," said Mr. Nutter.

The rest of them are back from the ranch. It was that of a tall gentleman with slightly stooping shoulders and a smooth shaven face. He had a pair of eyes like a violin and bow, the other, very long and slender, rested on the table at which he was standing.

"Mayhap this?" Rob eagerly asked. Mr. Nutter was doubtful. But for "a consideration" the photograph changed hands.

"The likeness between you and your father is very marked," the private detective remarked with a glance from the pictured face to that of the young fellow before him. And then, promising to report as soon as he had learned anything further, he bowed and departed.

It was after supper, that mounted upon Chiquita, now fully recovered from the fatigue of the journey, he walked in a pretty mare slowly up the wide thoroughfare in the direction of 20 St. Charles Street.

And some equipages dashed past, equestrians of both sexes looked approvingly at the young fellow's firm seat in the saddle, and pedestrians muttered audible encomiums upon Chiquita, but Rob seemed to see and hear nothing.

Two objects were in mind to the exclusion of everything around him. One was the hope of finding his father very soon, the other of a meeting with Doris, his girl friend.

As he rode through the city residence was one of those massive old structures surrounded with a profusion of flowers and shrubs, and the most aristocratic part of the city.

Alighting, Rob threw Chiquita's bridle to a loitering negro boy, and stood for a moment half irresolute at the foot of the stone steps flanked on either side by crouching lions.

As the first soft shadows of evening had fallen over the city, there were no lights visible—either in the upper rooms or those on the lower floor, nor were any signs of life to be seen.

But at once through the long French windows opening out on the veranda came a gleam of light. A dress of white and somewhat dark nocturne was wafted to his ears, and intuitively he felt that it was Doris playing.

As he stepped up the steps with a fast beating heart, Rob found the hall door standing wide open, as also the door leading into the spacious front apartment. No one was visible, and ignoring conventional Rob stole softly into the room where the musician still charmed sweet music from the keys.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Doris," said Rob, advancing half in hand through the half darkness, and the young girl, who was seated at the piano, wheeled sharply round on the seat.

Well, it is not my province to attempt to repeat what was then and there said. They talked till the moon set its clear light in through the long windows, and Chiquita's small hoofed hoofs heard impatiently pawing the gravel before the house. And as may be imagined, each spoke of music, which had been borne into their lives since they last met. Only Rob said nothing of his hope of finding his father again. This he was reserving for another time.

"I shall call tomorrow and see your father, Doris," said Rob, finally. "I will see you again, and I shall see you one thing, and I have a proposition to make for another."

"I am glad to see you," was the quiet reply.

"City life has no charms for me," Rob went on with little hesitation. "I mean to see if he will not put his experience against some of my money in ranching; as I learn your purpose returning to the Bonanza, I believe honestly it will be a profitable investment."

Doris, who saw through the delicacy of Rob's remark, did not declare his response. And to relieve her evident emotion, the young fellow said:

"And now before I go, Miss Doris, will you play a little for me?"

"It is my favorite ballad, as I think I have told you before."

Her beautiful Doris returned to the piano. Her voice, a sweet well trained soprano, rose on the evening air, and the young man, leaning against the pure notes traced their delighted ears.

A tall shaggy dressed man, with a violent gleam of blue eyes and listened with a half dreamy smile.

"That is Miss Doris, one of my old pure notes, and I have heard her sing. And moved by some impulse for which he did not try to account, the shabby musician ascended the steps, and as Rob had done before, he bowed and announced; for as rats desert a sinking ship, so Colonel Lamonte's servants had all departed at the first of fortunes.

(To be concluded.)

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## A TRUCK FARMY TALE.

A SOUTHERN journal has been expatiating on a romance of husband and wife, who are ranked with the enchantments of a Cinderella. Much has been written of late concerning a cotton seed oil trust. Here is the brief, but marvelous history of the cotton seed, as given by the *Atlantic Constitution*, the journal in question:

For seventy years despised as a nuisance and burned or dumped as garbage.

Then discovered to be the very food for which the soil was hungering, and reluctantly admitted to the rank of utility.

Shortly afterwards found to be nutritious food for beast as well as soil, and thereupon treated with something like respect.

And that the seed of the farm husbandries, found to hold thirty five gallons of pure oil to the ton, and to be worth \$18 to the ton, or \$40,000,000 for the whole crop of seed.

Then a system was devised for refining this oil up to a value of \$1 a gallon, and the Irish Italians placed a cask of it at the root of the cotton tree, and the people of the breath of the Alps.

And then experience showed that the ton of cotton seed was a better fertilizer and a better stock when robbed of its thirty five gallons of oil.

And that the hulls of the seed made the best of fuel for feeding the oil mill engine!

And that the hulls of the hulls ground from the engine's drift had the highest commercial value as potash!

And that the refuse of the whole made the best and purest soap stock to carry to the toilet.

And now comes a gentleman of this city with a process by which he extracts thirty gallons of oil from the seed, and the people of the oil mills have done with it. In the "tailings" of the oil mills he finds this unexpected oil, and he extracts it with the help of naphtha, leaving the meal more nutritious as food for beast or field than before he took 30 per ton from it.

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## NOT VERY INTERESTING.

BARRETT'S "THE FOREST" contains many interesting anecdotes of famous tragedians; but there still remain many which have never been printed. Once, when he was playing Hamlet, he was asked by the manager, Gessler's lieutenant, should have remarked: "I see you love a jest; but just not now." Imagine the effect of this remark on the audience! "I see you love a jest; but just not now!"

## WORDS.

BY ARLEATH A. FERTON.

Words are mighty, words are living;  
 Serpents with their venomous stings,  
 Ought surely to be numbered round us,  
 With Heaven's light upon their wings.  
 Every word has its own power,  
 True or false that never dies;  
 Every word may have its uttered  
 Echoes in God's sides.

## Two Queer Adventures.

BY CAPTAIN HENRY F. HARRISON.

LUTTRELL and I sailed in the ship Akkar from London for Ceylon about twenty years ago. I was a young Yankee sailor making my first voyage out to an English port. My companion, contrary, was a cabin passenger—his father a wealthy London merchant owning the charter of the ship we were in.

Luttrell, who was nineteen, or a year older than myself, seemed to take a great liking to me, despite the difference between our stations in life. As often as was possible we were together, and he promised to use his influence to get me the third mate's berth on the return voyage.

Between the Maldives and Laccadives, about two hundred miles west of the island of Ceylon, we caught the bad weather attendant upon the change of monsoons. And one night, in the midnight, while the ship was lying to under a "goose wing," a sea-boarded her, sweeping everything movable from

Among the movables were the ship's coat, Luttrell and myself. The coat was never heard of. Luttrell and myself were lucky enough to grasp a spare topgallant yard washed from the top of the house. And the next morning, with the abatement of the gale, found us drifting down toward a small shoreward rigged vessel of foreign build, while the Akkar was nowhere in sight.

The vessel was what is known as a *coracle*, the largest size—say a hundred tons burthen. Sharp at the ends, with a broad beam and two pump bamboo masts with lateen sails which were furled, while between the two a rude stay-sail was set, which kept the clumsy looking craft up to the wind.

At the sea gradually subsided, being now almost within hail, we let go the yard by mutual consent, and strove out for the *coracle*, over whose low rail no sign of a face could be seen.

"She—must be—abandoned," gasped Luttrell as breathless with our long buffeting by the seas and the exertion of swimming, we reached the side together. The air cable, curving from the hawse-pipe upward to the anchor on the bow, gave us something to clutch. Then by convulsive effort we succeeded in crawling up and over the bows.

"Good gracious!" Luttrell exclaimed—and no wonder! In my earlier experiences I never saw such an unusual—and ridiculous—sight in all my born days.

Squatted along on the dry part of the deck in the beams of the sun now about two hours high, were two or three scores of monkeys of every conceivable color, shape and size, from a tiny spider monkey up to a really malvicious looking old chimpanzee with two prominent fangs, and which he displayed most threateningly.

But as I was about giving vent to my most enthusiastic expressions of most terrific volume suddenly resounded from below. Then followed a scrambling sound, and in another instant the head and shoulders of a full grown tiger were thrust up through the small companionway, which, as we afterward knew, led to the ship's foremast.

Luckily the back of the animal's head was toward Luttrell and myself. And the way we slipped down to the top of the cable was worth seeing. But with a simultaneous shriek all monkeys fled in every direction, and simple shrieks—scrambling over each other's heads in their frantic hurry.

I was fully satisfied with his exhibition of authority, the tiger, uttering a sort of subdued growl, seemed to subside into the forecabin, and ceased emitting anything to get on. As we cautiously regained our position we could hear him crouching bones of some kind, and uttering a series of his own special befit.

We had kicked off our shoes while swimming. But I knew why Luttrell intended doing he slipped himself in his stocking feet and drew out the companionway slide, which was made of heavy blackwood.

Again that terrible roar, and with it an upward rush. We heard the tiger's head strike

underneath the slide, but it was evident enough that he was trapped. Then each of us drew a long breath and looked around in wild-eyed amazement.

Well, there was no particular mystery about it. A large cage, lashed to rigging in the deck, had one end completely smashed out—probably by shipping a heavy sea. The tiger, thus released, had then without doubt taken charge of the deck. The boat was missing from the rude davits, the falls of which had been out. Wherefore, we argued that all hands had preferred braving the dangers of the deep to facing a lively and presumably hungry tiger, weighing in the neighborhood of three hundred pounds.

Along the bulwarks half a dozen cages were lashed, which had contained the different varieties of monkeys that over our heads were chattering furiously and making the most outrageous grimaces. The bars of each cage had been twisted one side, from which Luttrell and

In the hold was a store of partly green bananas and plantains, intended for the monkeys. These we brought on deck, but it was only when we were both aft that their fear of man permitted them to come down, hungry as they were. And late that afternoon we sailed into Point de Galle harbor, where we came to anchor within a stone's throw of the quay—a score or so of monkeys being perched along on either of the two tapering latten yards.

The American consul who came on board with a throng of curious visitors listened to our story with great interest. It seems that the *coracle* had been chartered by an agent of Wombwell's menagerie, who was buying animals for shipment to England.

"You have an undoubted claim for salvage," he said, "but you must save trouble and expense by seeing Mr. Dewey, the agent, and accepting any reasonable amount he might offer. Why do you hesitate, respectively?"

But Mr. Dewey had started the day before for

awaken him. So Luttrell started in one direction and I in another, but in a short time I was lost track, or at least had some one who might put us in the way of finding it.

For ever since that morning I had heard "run time to time distant reports of musketry, which, had not Ceylon been a perfectly peaceful island, had not Ceylon been some sort of warlike skirmishing. Luttrell thought it might be in celebration of the capture of some of our men, sooner or later, we felt sure of encountering a party or parties of natives.

Carrying a loaded rifle belonging to Mr. Dewey, I had hardly gone twenty paces from the bullock cart before I came upon a neatly constructed building, the entrance to which the entire family came out to meet me.

In explanation of our coming to make known the fact that we were lost in the jungle and wished to be directed to the high road. And to this the natives, who were of the native had any idea of what I was driving at.

But on his own part he was quite as blind to myself. And after an extravagant display of gestures he pointed from the bullock cart to an open space in the jungle. Then he shook his head gravely, and after a low salaam, turned and entered the hut, followed by his wife and interesting progeny.

"Well, we might as well try that track as any," said Luttrell, when I proposed to bring him up. So we started up the bullock in the direction indicated.

That afternoon we came very suddenly upon decided evidences of at least semi-civilization, if not of a more.

"On either side, as far as we could see, was a high circular stockade, built in the strongest possible manner, inclosing several acres. But what this vast inclosure could be intended for, or what it was for, I had no idea, and my own comprehension, facing us was the opening, and as he boys wild life offered shade and a resting place, we drove the bullock cart into the open.

"Hark," suddenly exclaimed Luttrell, holding up his hand.

For breaking the silence a noise peculiar to tropic interiors, came a continuous peeping of musketry—now on the right, now on the left, very much nearer than we had yet heard it before. And then the explosions broke, were blown and drums beaten.

Luttrell seized the drunken Singalese by the shoulder and pulled him out of the wagon. The sudden shock seemed to bring him up to his senses somewhat. Rubbing his eyes vigorously, he looked about him at the sight of the battle. Then, as the advancing sounds came upon his ear, he uttered one comprehensive yelp and both of us were on the open.

As Luttrell started at me in bewilderment, a distant crashing of bushes began to be heard. And all at once, from a bell-shaped opening, facing the entrance to the stockade, appeared a big elephant.

Trummeting with fear or rage, we did not know which, he headed straight for us. Following came not one more but twenty. And following the twenty were at least three scores more of big and little elephants. At the same moment a tremendous fusillade burst from the cover. Yells and screams followed, and a hundred native beaters rushed into sight.

I remember that Luttrell thrust his rifle to his shoulder and fired at the charging elephants. Involuntarily I did the same, and in a few minutes the mountain of flesh tottered and fell within ten feet of where we stood. The remainder of the herd, with wild trumpeting, broke right and left in the wild confusion.

But as the elephants were dashed through the fleeing lines of beaters, were lost to sight in the jungle.

It seemed to me, however, that we had escaped death in one form to meet it in another. For, maddened by the escape of the mighty herd, and by the fact that they had been gradually closing in, full fifty natives made a mad onslaught on Luttrell and myself.

Fortunately at that moment a young, sunburned Englishman, came up at full gallop, and, with a shout, Mr. Dewey, a dialect. The half naked mob stopped on the instant as Dewey rode forward.

But as he impatiently to Luttrell's hurried explanation.

"It's a pretty expensive job for me now—I shall have to work for another year to be driven in, but I suppose it can't be helped," he said dryly. And I don't think he was altogether pleased. He learned our errand, particularly as our considerable baggage, carried upon three hundred galleons, the sun was about to salvage on his "live stock."

But as the Englishman was finally reached, and we returned to Point de Galle fully satisfied—speaking for myself—our experience in zoological pursuits.



IN ANOTHER MOMENT THE ENTIRE FAMILY CAME OUT TO MEET MR

I naturally inferred that the tiger was in search of one or more victims.

But we were chilly and hungry, so as the *coracle* was making good weather of it, we cautiously ventured down after the companionway into the small, dimly lighted and not over clean cabin. It was completely deserted. On a table, lashed to the wall, was a well thumbed map of the Indian Ocean, and from the corner marked out in pencil we saw at once that the *coracle* was from Point de Galle, on the southwest coast of Ceylon.

There was dry clothing in a berth—woolen shirts and two trousers, with straw shoes and a couple of canvas hats, such as are worn by all the Malay sailors of those parts. Having dressed ourselves in these we found some bits of food in one of the lockers, to which we did ample justice. Then we went on deck.

The northeast monsoon had begun to blow with the subsidence of the gale. Hroasting the lateen forest without over much difficulty, we put the little vessel before for Point de Galle. Later in the day we managed to get the reefed mainsail up.

Thus we took turns at the tiller all that day and the following night, which was bright and clear. The roared furiously at intervals, but we had got quite well accustomed to that.

Panar, a district about fifty miles inland, in search of a couple of small elephants which he purposed forwarding to Europe. As luck would have it, however, a single bullock cart with native driver was to be dispatched to the same settlement with some arms and ammunition that had just arrived by steamer for Mr. Dewey, who was purposing a hunting excursion still farther into the interior after securing his elephants. And through the good offices of the consul we secured passage in the hillock cart.

The so-called "high road," leading from Point de Galle to Panar, was simply a sandy track distinguished by deep ruts, and owing to the ignorance or stupidity of our Singalese driver, we lost even this on the forenoon of the third day's journey.

As to the vexation of the affair, he could not understand a word of English, nor was a word of his own dialect. And after trying bemoaning his fate—as we presumed from his gestures and groans—the wretch produced a bottle of *arrack* from under the seat from which he copiously imbibed. Then, despite our threats, the Singalese stretched himself out under the tilt and fell fast asleep.

"Well, this is a pretty go!" exclaimed Luttrell, wrathfully. "Rouse up here, you copper-skinned rascal!" But shaking failed to

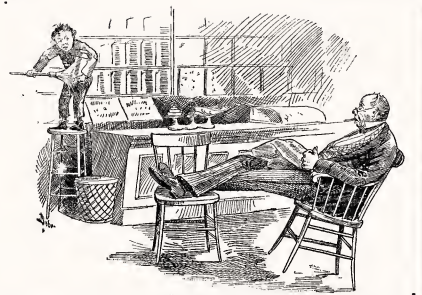












## A VERY GOOD BOY.

EMPLOYER (tiring off.)—"My boy, you are working well! Pretty hard, too, for a per week." BOY.—"Zain't that, say, what I work fur; it's fur the example I'm setting ye, sir."

## COWBOY DICTIONARY.

At a certain school in England, where the pupils wear a distinctive uniform, their own clothes, which they only put on when they leave for the holidays, are termed "goomers," a contraction for "go home." This reminds us of the odd name cowboys give to certain every day articles, a list of which was recently printed in the *New York Sun*.

For many things common to both Eastern and Western civilization cowboys use names which would be puzzling to any one East of the Mississippi Valley. A nurse girl is called a baby herder, and a valise is termed a goaster. A white shirt is called a Herford shirt because Herford cattle have white faces. Similarly he calls anything Herford that is white; for example, Herford diabetes and Herford hats. Carrying this fancy still farther, a "white" man is known as a Herford man. A white shirt is also called a bald faced shirt for a similar reason.

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As entirely unique exemplification of the old saw that the longest way round is the shortest way there was brought out by the recent great Eastern blizzard. For three days Boston had to cable to London to find out how things were going in New York, the wires running under the ocean of course not being affected by the storm.

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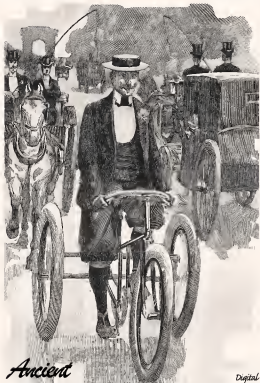
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